Northern Messenger

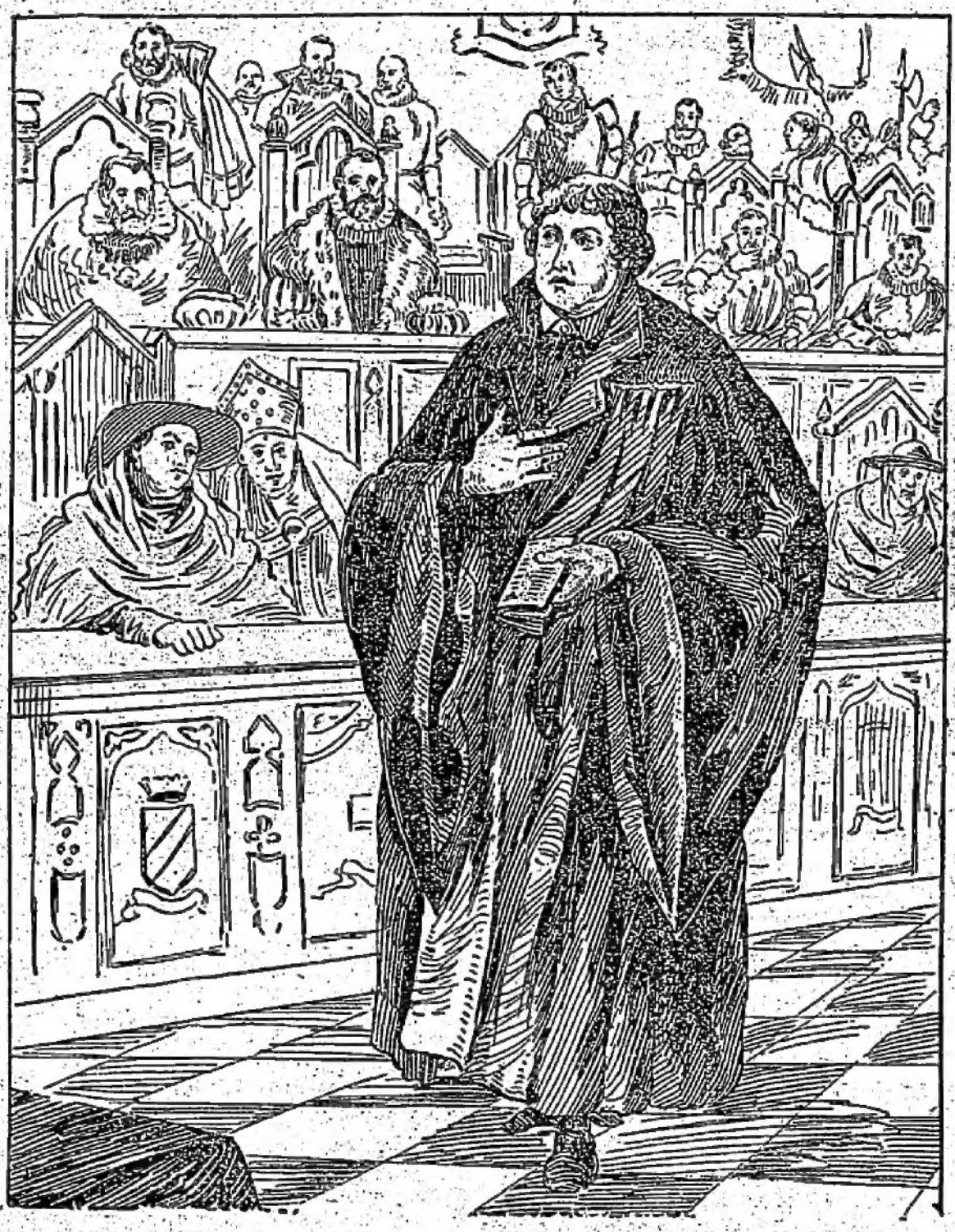
Lillie Pozer 28 99

VOLUME XXXIII., No. 43. MONTREAL, OCTOBER 28, 1898. 30 Cts. Per An. Post-Paid

Luther's Mighty 'No.'

No event in the life of Martin Luther is more extraordinary than that of his victory over the powers of the world and of the Church at Worms, in April of the year 1521; and, we may almost say, no event in history is more wonderful, for then one man faced the whole might of the world.

Having been cursed by the Pope himself to the fullest extent of his ability, Luther was summoned by the mighty Emperor Charles V. — practically sovereign of the world—to appear before the Diet convened



LUTHER'S MIGHTY 'NO.'

at the city of Worms, there to give account of himself, and necessarily to retract his doctrines. He had a safe-conduct, which really was of no value with the Pope's party; but Luther knew that it was God's will that he should attend the Diet, and thus expressed himself to his friends: 'I am called; it is ordered and decreed that I appear in that city. I will neither recant nor flee. I will go to Worms in spite of all the gates of hell and the prince of the power of the air.' As he passed through Germany to the city, the inhabitants of towns and villages turned out to welcome the monk who dared to face the greatest powers on earth for the sake of the Truth of God.

'They will burn you as they did John Huss,' said some, who remembered what was the value of the safe-conduct granted to that martyr. Luther answered: 'Though they should kindle a fire all the way from Worms to Wittemberg, the flames of which reach to heaven, I could walk through it in the name of the Lord.' As he neared the city, his great friend, Spalatin, sent a messenger, begging him not to enter. Luther's reply was: 'Go and tell your master that even should there be as many devils in Worms as tiles on the housetops, still I will enter it.' When at length the old towers of the city arose before his eyes, he sat up in his car and sang the hymn of his own composing—

'A tower of strength is God our Lord—
A sure defence and trusty guard;
His help as yet in every need,
From danger hath our spirit freed:

Our ancient foe in rage,
May all his spite display:
May war against us wage,
And arm him for the fray,
He that can keep all earth at bay.'

At mid-day the city was reached, and crowds rushed out of the houses to behold the humble monk who braved the Emperor, the Pope's nuncios, the princes and the bishops of Christendom. His car could hardly advance for the mass of people, and it was midnight before he could be alone. Then he opened the casement of his window, and, looking up to the still sky, said: 'I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep: for thou, Lord, only, makest me dwell in safety,' and took his rest.

In the morning, dressed in his monk's frock, Luther appeared before the grandeur of the Diet. He was dazed for a moment by the array before him — Emperor, electors, sovereigns, dukes and ambassadors, Papal nuncios, archbishops and bishops, not to speak of princes and counts—but he soon regained his calm.

'Martin Luther,' cried Eck, the spokesman of the Diet, as he pointed to a pile of some twenty volumes upon the table, 'do you acknowledge these books to have been written by you? Are you prepared to retract and disavow the opinions you have advanced in them?'

Luther replied: 'Most gracious Emperor, and most gracious princes and lords, the books that have just been named are mine.' And then he asked for time to reply to the second question, as it was one which concerned the salvation of souls, and 'as it was one in which the Word of God—than which nothing is greater in heaven or earth—was interested.'

The delay requested was but seemly; and the request was granted.

The following morning, early, Luther was upon his knees. Trembling before God—brave before men; absolute nothingness in God's presence—power in the presence of God's enemies. Luther was prostrate in his spiritual conflict. Was God with him? Did God hear him? Had God forsaken him? Such were his longing questions to God. He cried, 'Stand at my side for the sake of thy well-beloved Jesus Christ, who is my defence, my shield and my strong tower.' Then, after a period of pleading, the darkness lifted, and Luther said, 'My soul belongs to thee! I shall abide for ever with thee! Amen! . . . . . O God! help me. . . . Amen!'

The agony of that early morning is proof that Luther's courage was from God; it was no mere iron human will which bent the Diet to attention—it was the strength which God gave his servant which bowed the mighty to listen to his words.

Calm in his soul, and filled with confidence and courage, Luther on the ever memorable April 18, 1521, appeared once more before the Diet. He respectfully saluted the Emperor, the lords and the princes. He then declared that even his enemies had said of parts of his writings that they were conformable to scripture; therefore these he could not retract. Also such parts of his books as attacked the errors of doctrine or evils in the life of the Papacy he could not withdraw, lest if he did so, evils still worse by means of such withdrawal should be promulgated. As to such parts of his writings as those in which he had treated individuals with little ceremony, he would retract the manner of his utterances. But, he added, let him but be convinced from the Word of God that he was in error, and he would be the first to cast his books into the flames.

Having thus answered the questions of

Eck, Luther proceeded to appeal to the great assemblage before which he was arraigned. But he did not plead for himself —far otherwise. He warned the Emperor and the rulers of the judgment to come, and of the certainty that they must stand before God and give an account to him of their trust. Then, by examples of the overthrow of kingdoms and rulers, of Egypt, Babylon, and Israel, he made them feel their responsibility before God. He was judging his judges, and they stood condemned before the solitary monk they were seated to condemn.

A sound of applause followed his words. He was master, — or, rather, God, who in him had spoken, was the Ruler in that assemblage.

Presently, Dr. Eck rose again, and demanded a precise answer: 'Will you, or will you not, retract?'

To which Luther replied: 'Unless I am convinced by the testimony of scripture, or on plain and clear grounds of reason, so that conscience shall bind me to make acknowledgment of error, I can and will not retract, for it is neither safe nor wise to do anything contrary to conscience.'

Then turning round to the assembly, he said to the whole company: 'Here I stand. I can do no other. May God help me. Amen.'

The victory was won.

Luther was asked to withdraw for awhile, and the Diet deliberated. Then he was once more led before the Emperor's throne, and for the third time was asked to give his 'Yes,' or No.'

He said he had no other answer to give than that which he had already given. And so he and the Diet parted.

As no recantation could be procured, the opposers of Luther sought to obtain his life, but although the Emperor would have broken his word in company with the prelates, and would have cancelled the safe-conduct granted to Luther, the honest German princes (and some of them were Romanists) would hear of nothing so scandalous. Moreover, in and around Worms there were numbers of armed men, ready to fight if necessary. But God's way for Luther was not the sword. While the gates were watched, and his end was being prepared, he rode out through the walls, at a small exit. He was kept for months in hiding by his friends, and in vain was he searched for by his enemies.

Let us learn in our day our lesson from this grand old story. No battle for God is ever won by compromise. The truth must be maintained at all costs, and the truth held and maintained with a pure conscience, is mighty beyond all the forces of the world.

Let us also, again and again, thank God for Luther's 'No.' Had he hesitated — had he faltered, the Reformation on the Continent would have failed, and Rome would have been victorious. Oh! may God give us courage in our day to say 'No' to all the enemies of the truth.—'Faithful Words.'

A Man of One Book.

(By Rev. G. C. Needham.)

I know a humble mechanic—who was once a poor clog-dancer on the stage, brought up a Roman Catholic, exceedingly ignorant of the bible, and not a great man intellectually. He came into one of our Sunday afternoon meetings, was converted, and thereafter resolved that he would not read a single book for five years but the bible. He read neither newspaper nor magazine these five years. The only moments he had for study was a little time in the morning and at night. He commenced the study of the bible alone; he had no one to guide or help him, but he memorized a verse each day, and could repeat three hundred and sixty-five verses in a year, which he kept stored in his memory. The way he managed was this: When he got up in the morning he took his bible, and after reading a few verses, he wrote a verse on a slip of paper, took it to his factory and put it on the bench before him, and often through the day while he was filing or sawing he had his eye on that paper; all day long he was memorizing it, meditating upon it, praying about it, and getting its sweetness down into his soul. For five years he kept at it, until now the man's inner life is filled with bible knowledge. Not only that, but he has become skilful in its use. He now reads other books, but only such as will aid him in bible study (and, my friends, I know few men in this land who have a profounder grasp of truth than that mechanic). Many pastors request him to fill their pulpits on Sundays, and when he stands up to preach he speaks in bible language. He is an illustration of the verse, 'The base things of the world and the things that are not, to bring to naught the things that are.' There is something marvellous about that man; he is not a very strong man physically; he is a very ordinary man, but in a section of his town, known as the most wicked part of that city, he started a mission and more than two hundred people were converted by his efforts. He gave them God's Word, which proved irresistible. I verily believe it possible that any ordinary man any ordinary woman, any young man, any young woman, may become fairly good bible students if they will take the time which is now wasted on mere trifles, if they will use the spare moments for bible study. The Spirit of God will help them in it, will enlighten them, and will empower them to do good in their day and generation.—'Faithful Witness.'

Business That Does Not Pay.

Some people think that roguery and rascality can be made to pay. They have heard of rich scoundrels, and they think that by being scoundrels they may become rich. E. C. Jackson, a newspaper writer for many years, took pains to jot down the names and careers of a few big rascals, public officials, bank presidents and others who had embezzled millions of dollars, and in the 'Golden Rule,' he sums up the record.

Of twenty-three such men he writes: Eighteen went wrong through gambling;—cards, races, or stocks. 'Not one commenced with the intention of defrauding any one of a cent.' They fully intended to replace the money; but could not do it; took more, and were ruined.

Two of the twenty-three committed suicide, and one went insane before trial. Seven compromised by giving up all the property they had, or could get of their friends, and commenced life again poor and without a good reputation. Seven fled, wandered, and were captured; and five of them are serving time in prison. Two were pardoned out; but could never regain what they had lost. Six fled to other lands. Two of them returned to give themselves up; preferring prison at home to the life of a hunted wanderer in distant lands. One keeps a cheap restaurant in Mexico, making a bare living. Two spent all their ill-gotten gains trying to compromise so they could come home once more; and one of them died of a broken heart because he did not succeed. One was a young ex-treasurer of a western state who, taking from his pocket two small bills, said: 'This is every cent I have in the world. Six months ago I was worth easily $100,000, had first-class credit, a good name, and hosts of friends. To-day I am going to surrender myself to the authorities as a defaulter, with the penitentiary before me and everything I care for in the world gone except my family and a few friends.' 'The way of the transgressor is hard'; keep out of it.—'Safeguard.'

The Burial of Moses.

(By the late Mrs. Alexander.)

And he buried him in a valley in the land of Moab, over against Beth-Peor, but no man knoweth of his sepulchre unto this day. —Deut. xxxiv., 6.

By Nebo's lonely mountain,
On this side of Jordan's wave,
In a vale in the land of Moab,
There lies a lonely grave.
And no man knows that sepulchre,
And no man saw it e'er,
For the angels of God upturned the sod,
And laid the dead man there.

That was the grandest funeral,
That ever passed on earth;
But no man heard the trampling,
Or saw the train go forth—
Noiselessly as the daylight
Comes back when night is done,
And the crimson streak on ocean's cheek
Grows into the great sun;

Noiselessly as the springtime,
Her crown of verdure weaves,
And all the trees on all the hills,
Open their thousand leaves;
So without sound of music,
Or voice of them that wept,
Silently down from the mountain's crown,
The great procession swept.

Perchance the bald old eagle,
On grey Beth-Peor's height,
Out of his lonely eyrie,
Looked on the wondrous sight;
Perchance the lion stalking,
Still shuns that hallowed spot,
For beast and bird have seen and heard
That which man knoweth not.

But when the warrior dieth,
His comrades in the war,
With arms reversed and muffled drum,
Follow his funeral car;
They show the banners taken,
They tell his battles won,
And after him lead his masterless steed,
While peals the minute gun.

Amid the noblest of the land,
We lay the sage to rest,
And give the bard an honored place,
With costly marble drest,
In the great minster transept,
Where lights like glories fall,
And the organ rings, and the sweet choir sings,
Along the emblazoned wall.

This was the truest warrior,
That ever buckled sword;
This the most gifted poet,
That ever breathed a word.
And never earth's philosopher
Traced with his golden pen,
On the deathless page truths half so sage
As he wrote down for men.

And had he not high honor?—
The hill-side for a pall,
To lie in state while angels wait,
With stars for tapers tall,
And the dark rock-pines, like tossing plumes,
Over his bier to wave,
And God's own hand in that lonely land
To lay him in the grave—

In that strange grave without a name,
Whence his uncoffined clay
Shall break again, and wondrous thought!
Before the judgment day,
And stand with glory wrapped around
On the hills he never trod,
And speak of the strife that won our life
With the incarnate Son of God.

O lonely grave in Moab's land!
O dark Beth-Peor's hill!
Speak to these curious hearts of ours,
And teach them to be still.
God hath his mysteries of grace,
Ways that we cannot tell;
He hides them deep, like the hidden sleep
Of him he loved so well.

BOYS AND GIRLS

Unawares.

(By Christian Burke, in 'The Dawn of Day.')

'It is a vulgar and commonplace prejudice which would measure everything by its own habits of mind. . . .'—Dr. Pusey.

It began with Eleanor Scott. She was one of those decided people who carry all before them by sheer force of will, and by their own unshakeable conviction of their inability to make mistakes. Therefore when she announced the opinion that the stranger who had come among them from 'nobody knows where,' could never be altogether 'one of us,' the other lassies who made up what was commonly known as, 'Miss Beckenham's young people,' agreed more or less unanimously, and sent the new-comer to Coventry with a calm certainly that their leader and spokes-woman must be right.

The workers at Rosslyn House were considered by less fortunate neighbors to live and labor in clover. The Principal was one of those good women who take a real and vital interest in those who serve them; to whom a fair day's wage included a sympathy and kindly interest in the comfort and well-being of the young lives spent in her employ. The business was a quiet and old-fashioned one, less subject to rushes than its more ambitious rivals, and giving time and scope for good and notable work. The girls learned to take a pride in the dainty stitchery for which the establishment was famous, and scant indeed was the mercy shown to any of their number who by slip-shod work was likely to bring discredit on the honor of the house.

There were fifteen of them in all, ranging from Letty, the youngest apprentice, to Eleanor, whose two-and-twenty years were considered to have supplied her with an inexhaustible store of wisdom. For two or three years there had been no changes in the work-room. The girls were all drawn from the same neighborhood, many of them had been school-fellows, and not a few lived 'next door,' to each other out of business hours, or met at classes and clubs when their work was done. Thus they had plenty of interests in common, and the friendships formed among them were not likely to be of an undesirable sort, while it gave them a certain esprit de corps which was most valuable. It fostered, however, a tendency to cliques, and to a quiet contempt for those whose ways were less enlightened or whose standard was different from their own. Probably no class of beings is so desperately, so whole-heartedly exclusive as young girls, whatever may be their station. The very keenness of their interests, the all-importance of every detail of life, and their absolute certainty on every subject under the sun—as yet unshaken by rough contact with problems and contradictions which beset their elders—all tend to a kind of narrowness, a lack of sympathy, or comprehension of all that lies outside of their own particular groove. A spirit of dignified superiority had grown very strong among these girls, and certain indications of it had influenced Miss Beckenham in her determination to introduce an entirely fresh element when next there should be a vacancy. And perhaps her estimate of the girls who were really attached to her was an over-favorable one, for she never imagined that they would be likely to resent such a step.

The first break in the little circle occurred when Isabel Saddler thought fit to get married. Her companions were enchanted, and danced to, if not at, her wedding—which she considerately fixed for a Saturday afternoon—with light feet and lighter hearts. They felt the event conferred distinction, not only upon the bride-elect, but upon the whole community. To leave for the sordid aim of 'bettering' oneself in a stuffy, fashionable London work-room, as one of their number had once done, had something mean and unsatisfactory about it; but to leave because the inevitable prince had come—and he is not less a prince to loving eyes if he comes in a workman's dress—that was just what it should be! So they gave Isabel their blessing, and a number of useless and useful articles for her new home into the bargain. Few brides ever began life with a more magnificent supply of pincushions, tidies, chair-backs, wall-pockets, and every other luxury that could be worked by ingenious fingers, or come within the scope of slender purses. But when they had sprinkled their old companion generously with rice, and paid her a visit in a body to admire the brand-new little doll's house in which she reigned as mistress, and inspected the new furniture, the fascinating pots and pans, and all the cunning contrivances which some of them thought more interesting than the unfortunate bridegroom, who might occasionally be rather in the way—after they had done all this, they began to consider somewhat anxiously who would take Isabel's place.

AT LAST SHE CAME

They settled the matter entirely to their own satisfaction, and words cannot express their unbounded dismay when they discovered that Miss Beckenham had other views. The recent change had left Eleanor, in point of seniority, what she had long been practically, the head of the room, and Mary Graham had a convenient little cousin, whose name had been on the books for some time, who could now be admitted, and give everybody a move up without introducing a fresh and possibly undesirable element.

'It is so much better to have them in young,' Eleanor remarked judicially, 'we can get them into our ways from the first; besides, it will be company for Letty.'

Letty, a humble, peaceful little person, blushed with pleasure at this recognition of her needs, and great and overwhelming was the disappointment when they discovered that Miss Beckenham did indeed intend to find a corner for the small cousin, but that Isabel's place was to be filled by a stranger, and that stranger a girl from the wilds of the country, whose days had been spent in a benighted village ten miles from even the primitive station where the trains stopped about twice a day, and the fast ones not at all! That she was to board with Miss Beckenham, who knew her family, and that their principal hoped they would soon make her feel at home, was all the information they could gather. For the next week, therefore, they amused themselves with gloomy prognostications as to the nuisance she would prove, and nursed their grievance till it became something very real and tangible, though they were discreet enough to keep it to themselves.

At last she came. A round-faced comely looking country girl, with a frightened expression in her eyes at the new and bewildering life which seemed to seethe around her, that might have appealed to these young critics had they not been so blinded by pre-

judice. She was tall and well-grown, but awkward and shy to these town-bred girls, and her ways, her speech, her dress, all alike came in for their scathing comments. Her hair turned back from her forehead, and guiltless of fringe, was coiled at the back in a fashion which might have been stylish in the year one, as Louise wittily remarked, but was certainly not up to date now. Her dress, a black and white check which seemed to emphasize the breadth of the sturdy figure, was only fit to have 'come out of the ark,' according to their fastidious taste. Her strong brown hands, tanned by summer suns, looked big and clumsy by their slenderer white ones, and she would never be able to do anything but the heaviest work. Her country-made boots were a sore distress to their feelings; she had neither bracelet nor brooch, nor ring, and her very watch was an old-fashioned silver turnip; while although her name was Elizabeth, which was passable, in an outburst of mistaken confidence she told them the first day that, at home, she was always called Betty or Betsy!

This was the last straw. Among the Roses, the Lilys, the Maudes, the Eleanors, the Dorothys that adorned that busy workroom, what place was there for a plain unvarnished Betty! They did not know that the daughters of many a famous house had long ago proudly borne a similar title, and they gave her up as hopeless. She was entirely behind the age; her dress was dowdy, she had never read a real novel, she was frightened to cross the quietest street, and her talk was all of pigs and cows, and wild flowers, and those everlasting brothers of hers. So after a few days' veiled yet none the less scornful wondering, they coldly and politely decided to leave her severely alone.

It is thoughtless people who cause most pain. Deliberate, intentional cruelty is a much rarer thing. It is your heedless, unobservant person, who never sees with any eyes but his own, who tramples on the feelings of others with a sublime unconsciousness that they have any to be wounded. There was not one of these girls who would not have been appalled and shocked had any one plainly shown them their unkindness. Their dislike was altogether passive, they didn't do anything, they would have said, they simply shut Elizabeth out in the cold by their indifference, while the girl herself would willingly have borne with rougher ways, if these had betokened the least spark of kindly interest. Although she was seventeen and a beautiful needlewoman, she had much to learn, and unfortunately for her, Miss Beckenham was forced at this time to be frequently absent from home, leaving the capable Eleanor to queen it happily over all the others. She did her duty by Elizabeth, revised and instructed with much dignity and immense satisfaction to herself, but her pupil would have gladly exchanged her civil and formal explanations for the merry raillery she bestowed upon Letty's uncertain tucks, and Ada's straggling stitches. She grew more and more nervous, and withdrew further and further into her shell until her nickname of 'the Hermit,' became not inappropriate. But for Miss Beckenham's absence things could hardly have got to such a pass. The other sister, who superintended the house, was rarely in the work-room, and as Elizabeth was too loyal to complain, she naturally supposed that all was well. However, she made Sunday the one bright spot in the week to the girl, and sent her back with renewed energy and resolution not to be so shy but to endeavor to make friends, only to find herself driven back afresh by the invisible barrier across her path.

One dull November afternoon a week after Miss Beckenham's return, everything seemed to go criss-cross in the work-room. For once Eleanor lost her temper, and her critical remarks caused poor Elizabeth to sit with burning cheeks and trembling fingers, while her blue eyes were dim with tears. Rose Daly looking up, suddenly felt all at once a pang of compunction, and said at last.

'Oh, well, Eleanor, everybody's got to begin.'

'I know that as well as you, but a baby could do this, even Ada.'

'I'm not a baby,' snapped that damsel, who had pricked her fingers and felt rebellious, until her superior's calm stare reduced her to order.

Everyone's nerves seemed on edge, and the sound of the tea-bell was a welcome interruption. The work-room was speedily deserted for the large barely furnished meal-room, dark and gloomy by day, but made cheery and bright by the roaring fire crackling in the huge old-fashioned grate. The girls always had this time to themselves, and while the tea was 'masking,' they congregated round the hearth chattering volubly after the manner of their kind. They made a merry group with the firelight streaming on their eager faces, and outside the circle at the far end of the room Elizabeth stood gazing listlessly at the thick yellow fog and the phantomlike figures passing to and fro in the street. Great tears gathered slowly once more in her wistful eyes, and blurred afresh the shadowy people flitting past and vanishing into the mysterious gloom. She was so very, very lonely, and as she stood there rose before her a vision of home. She could picture it all. The quaint farmhouse parlor where the bronze lamp was not lighted yet, but where the busy mother was knitting ceaselessly by the fire. The table was set, and Rebecca, the rough good-hearted servant was cutting those tall stacks of bread and butter, which would speedily be demolished by hungry schoolboys. On the opposite side of the hearth the grey-haired farmer was resting for a few moments after the day's work, and at his feet, dividing the rug with the old sheep-dog, sat Dolly, the curly-haired baby sister, her especial charge, impartially embracing a somewhat dilapidated namesake and a wriggling tortoise-shell kitten.

Oh, how the girl's heart ached for them all! If she could go back just for five minutes, and lay her tired head against her mother's knee, and tell her all her troubles! How lonely and strange it all was — how she couldn't get on with the girls and no one seemed to want her. But it could not be, and in the midst of all her longings she was yet unselfish enough to be glad. Glad that those at home, whose burdens were heavy enough should not have hers to bear as well. She had come here to learn, to fit herself to gain her own living, and by-and-bye—glorious thought—she would be able to send help home, where times were bad, and there were so many to be thought of and cared for. She set her teeth hard and choked back the sob that was rising to her lips when she was startled by a terrible, hoarse cry, and at the same moment the dim room was illuminated by a column of flame that rushed towards her from the midst of the crowd of girls, who now fell backwards, huddled one upon the other.

In an instant Elizabeth saw what had happened. Foolish little Letty, walking along the flat edge of the fender after a reckless habit of hers, in a moment of excitement had flung the back of her dress, which was of a loose fluffy material, right against the blazing coals, and in an instant the whole thing was aflame. The maddened and terrified child ran screaming across the room, she knew not whither, and the rapid motion, fanned by the open door as one of the panic-stricken girls tore downstairs, drove the fire fiercely upward until she seemed completely

SHE SCARCELY FELT THE FIRE.

enveloped in it. There was not an instant to lose, and the others neither knew how nor were in a condition to render help. Elizabeth turned, seized the thick heavy cloth from a side-table loaded with books, scattering the contents left and right, and calling to her companions to close the door, she held it up well in front of her as the awful figure flung itself into her out-stretched arms. There was no time for a more cautious approach, and fortunately for both, Letty was too small and slight even in her frenzy of fear to be a match for the vigorous country girl who threw her as swiftly and as gently as she could to the ground, smothering her in the massive folds.

'Quick, quick, bring me something else; a blanket—anything!' she commanded breathlessly; and so absorbed was she that she never knew who brought the great woollen curtain which was thrust into her hands, and enabled her to finish her task. She scarcely

felt the fire as it licked her bare fingers, and even singed her hair and scorched her forehead. All she knew was that the flames died out, and consciousness flickered and vanished from the piteous childish face, and then she looked up to find Miss Beckenham and a doctor standing at her side. She turned upon the latter as he bent anxiously over the prostrate child, with a mute despairing appeal, for to her inexperience Letty looked as one dead, and as he took the slight figure from her he said kindly, 'Do not be frightened; she has only fainted. I think you were just in time'; and then carrying his burden he followed Miss Beckenham out of the room.

Elizabeth staggered to her feet. What was the matter with her, she wondered? The floor seemed to get up too, and the wall tried to fall upon her; she put out her hands to push them away, and a pain as sharp as a knife ran through her! She tumbled ignominiously backward upon Eleanor, and then after a moment the confusion cleared away and she found herself lying upon the sofa, with a group of girls hanging over her.

'I'm all right,' she said, cheerfully; 'at least, what have I done to my hands?' She sat up, and her companions cried out with horror and pity as the inflamed, blackened, blistered fingers that had done such good service met their view.

Later on, when poor little Letty, swathed in cotton wool, had sobbed herself into a fitful sleep, and Elizabeth was dozing as comfortably as her painful bandaged fingers would let her, Miss Beckenham came back to the room where the girls were still lingering, too miserable and upset to return to work. She brought them good news, for the child was not so seriously injured as the doctor had at first feared.

'I shall keep her here,' Miss Beckenham said; 'there is no one fit to look after her at home, and we must nurse her back to health among us.' And then she added gravely, 'I hope every one of you is sensible of what we owe to Elizabeth. No, I am not blaming you; only I do want you to realize that had she lost her nerve, had her presence of mind failed as yours did, Letty must have died. The doctor told her himself that her courage and common-sense, had saved her life; a few minutes more lost time would have been fatal. And then there is something else I want to say to you: I do not think Elizabeth is looking well or happy. I wonder if you have tried to make things as easy for her as you could?'

As she looked from one downcast face to the other, her mind misgave her, and she was hardly surprised when honest Rose burst out tearfully:

'No, we haven't; we've been as nasty as we could! We didn't want her, and we've all been simply horrid; but, oh, Miss Beckenham, do you think she will ever forgive us?'

Then the Principal turned to Eleanor with a look that cut the girl to the heart. She colored painfully; but she said bravely, with a new expression of humility on her usually tranquil face—

'It is quite true. We have all done wrong, as Rose says; but I have been the worst of all, for I began it. They would never have thought of it but for me, and I led them on. I was angry at her coming, and I would not let the others have anything to do with her.'

The elder woman smiled sadly, and then she said quietly, 'Well, you cannot do more than own your faults, and you must try and make it up to Elizabeth; but I am sorely disappointed, for I trusted you—you, Eleanor—most of all!'

She said no more, but those few words cost the proud girl beside her a very bitter moment. And that she accepted the rebuke silently, and without any attempt at self-justification, was surely a hopeful augury for the future.

On the following morning Elizabeth came on a message into the workroom, her muffled hands reposing in a sling, and was amazed and overwhelmed to find herself the subject of a regular ovation. In her simplicity it had not occurred to her that any change was likely to result from the performance of what seemed to her an obvious duty. And when the girls crowded round her, entreating her to forget all the unkind things they had said and done, she was altogether overcome.

'Don't, please don't,' she gasped, and then she added with a sudden radiant smile, 'I know I am not clever; but do you mean you will be friends with me now? I should like to be really one of you, for it is so lonely to be always outside.'

'Thank goodness you're not one of us!' exclaimed the irrepressible Rose, 'if you had been you'd have been useless yesterday, and Letty would have died. But we'll try to be one of you,' she finished, quite regardless of grammar.

'Elizabeth ought to have a medal,' said Ada Graham, solemnly; 'they give them for saving people when they're drowned, why not when they're burnt to death instead?'

Thanks to Miss Alice Beckenham's good nursing, and Elizabeth's cheerful companionship, Letty got well as quickly as possible, and rewarded the girl who had dared so much for her with a wealth of love that more than anything else helped to make her happy at last in her new life. Wounded feelings and injured limbs healed alike 'with the best intention,' and the exciting event of that dark November day faded at length into the past. But its lesson was not forgotten; for when Mary Graham went to Manchester, and Rose Daly took her sweet Irish eyes to make the light of an emigrant's home in the Far West, their successors found a friendly and ready welcome awaiting them without a preliminary three months' residence in Coventry.

''Ere's a stranger—let's 'eave 'alf a brick at 'im!' is said to be a motto in one of our manufacturing shires! We are all of us far too ready with our half bricks—our doubts, our prejudices, our dislikes to any ways but our own. And then we find out, sometimes with joyful repentence, somtimes with bitter and lifelong regret, that those whom we counted as scarcely worth the knowing, had assuredly a certain kinship with the angels of whom we are always so densely 'Unawares.'

What To Say In A Letter.

What a number of letters have been written that have not been worth the postage! How often will a member of a family who can go away for a time send a missive that will bring to those at home a whiff of the sea breeze, or a glimpse of fresh rural scenery? Ought it not to be a real pleasure, this matter of home letters during holidays? You, who are the fortunate ones that receive, can you not share the delights of the outing with those friends who must do without a holiday? Let your letter be, not a hasty epistle dashed off because you feel you must write, but a leisurely intelligent expression of your doings, and of your delight at being able to devote an unhurried hour to the dear ones at home.

In writing a real letter the epistle it is meant to answer ought to be fresh in one's mind, or lying before one's eyes. It is a lapse of courtesy to omit to answer your friend's definite questions. Then, too, a graceful letter will follow somewhat the trend of the one it is a reply to, while going further and suggesting new thoughts. A correspondence is nothing but a makeshift for the electric interchange of fact, thought and idea, that would take place if two friends were together. If your friend in talking chances to remark upon how interested she is becoming in a certain subject, you do not abruptly turn the conversation without at least saying, 'I am so glad!' or 'How much you will enjoy it!' It is scarcely less rude to do so in a letter by ignoring the fact that has been mentioned.

A deep-rooted antipathy to expressing oneself in writing, and a lack of practice, are two causes which lead to the neglect of letter-writing. The fact is partly the fault of parents and teachers, but with persevering effort it can be overcome. The second need stand in no one's way. Practice can be gained by beginning a diary—not a silly expression of sentiment that even the writer will never care to read, but a clear statement of events of interest in one's life, comments on

current topics, observations of nature, impressions of certain pictures or books, amusing incidents. Such a diary will serve a twofold purpose. While giving practice in expression, it is also a record of incident that one can turn to in writing a letter that shall bridge over a silence of weeks or months.

'Well, I haven't anything to say.' The words are a pitiful confession of poverty of mind, and of eyes that see not. No matter how dull your life may seem, you can glean something that will interest a friend. A description of your new home to friends who have not yet seen it, or a new arrangement of a room to friends who have already visited you, little events happening in your daily journey to the office or shop, if you are a wage-earner, personal items—not gossip—about mutual friends, the account of your last outing, some new ideas you have formed from the last book you have read, a stray sentence quoted from an address or a sermon that impressed you—all these help to make a readable and delightful letter to a friend. The country dweller ought not to withhold from the letter to a city friend a bulletin of nature's great panorama, and the city resident should impart some of the stir and life of the city streets in writing to the friend to whom the country grows at times monotonous.

How delightful, in these days of cheap cameras, to find in our letters photographs showing parts of the well-known or unknown—rooms where our friend lives. How charming is a letter interspersed with clever little sketches sent by the friend who can draw. You cannot reciprocate, having

neither a cunning hand nor a camera. But, stay, you are wrong there. The pen, by practice, becomes as clever as the pencil. Write just as you would talk, and your friend sees your home, your various employments, and the views from your window, keeps in touch with your interests, and gains inspiration from your earnest thoughts. You may not think it a great art, but it is a graceful one, and you can give, as well as receive, untold pleasure and help thereby.—A. I. Willis, in 'Silver Link.'

Holding Up His Hands.

(Belle V. Chisholm, in 'Zion Herald.')

It was a weak, sickly Epworth League, and yet life was strong in it. All that it needed was to have this latent heat fanned into a fire which would give out light and warmth. There was really no excuse for the lack of enthusiasm in a League that carried forty names on its roll and had celebrated its fifth anniversary. Delegates to the annual conventions had always brought back glowing accounts of the work in the outside world, too, and yet the Briarsville League slept on, secure in having a name to live even while it exhibited very few signs of genuine life. Of course it had its regular meetings every Sunday night, because the members would not attend on any other night of the week, and they all wanted somewhere to go on Sunday evening. The League meeting, they said, was so much shorter and less prosy, than the regular preaching service, and, I am sorry to say, very few of the young people were in the habit of remaining for the sermon that followed.

'I do wish I could depend on my young people for the help they could give me if they were only willing,' said Pastor Arnot, as he walked home by the side of Lottie Morse, one rainy Sunday evening.

'We have our League,' answered Lottie, timidly; for, from her pastor's voice, she felt quite sure that he was not satisfied with the efforts they were making, and she was one of the Lookout Committee.

'Somehow my expectations have never been realized in the League,' replied Dr. Arnot, in a hesitating voice. 'I do not want to find fault with my young people, and would be very sorry to discourage them, but I must admit that they are not holding up my hands as I had hoped they would.'

'What is the matter with us, Doctor?' asked Lottie. She had just returned from a visit to the city where she had attended a wide-awake, enthusiastic League, and she really longed to communicate some of the inspiration she had carried home to the organization that seemed to be as devoid of heart as a machine.

'We lack spirituality,' returned the doctor, bravely, 'I say we, for notwithstanding my gray hairs I am one of you, and I realize fully that there is something wrong with the pastor when there is a lack of enthusiasm in the congregation. We do not put heart enough into the work.'

'What can be done to arouse a deeper interest among our members?' inquired Lottie. 'I realize the lifeless condition of our society, and yet am powerless to suggest a remedy.'

'Prayer is a great antidote for spiritual coma, but prayer alone cannot accomplish the result sought. We must help God answer our prayers by trying to live up to our petitions, so far, at least, as is in our power. If we are faithful in this respect, God will do the rest. There is one means of grace which is very much neglected among God's people, and that is the study of his word. And just here, perhaps, more than any other place, you will find your society wanting. The bible is too much neglected among its members.'

'I don't know,' answered Lottie, thoughtfully. 'Every one who signs the pledge promises to read a portion of Scripture every day.'

'Yes, I know, but, Lottie, you are aware that there is a great difference between glancing over a few verses, perhaps carelessly, merely to redeem a pledge, and a thoughtful, conscientious study of a portion from God's word,' urged Dr. Arnot.

'Yes, I understand that fully,' returned Lottie, gravely, thinking of the times out of number her own Bible lesson had consisted of a single verse snatched hastily from its open page and forgotten as soon as read. 'I am sure it would be better if we would follow the daily readings recommended by the League committee.'

'And take time to study and pray over the selection,' added the Doctor. 'Another excellent plan would be for the League to organize a bible reading circle, and study the scriptures systematically, just as other works are studied.'

'You mean outside of the Sunday-school lesson?' queried Lottie.

'Yes; let the circle meet once a week and devote the evening to the study of the lesson selected,' was the answer. 'Now, at the beginning of the new year, would be a good time to carry this suggestion into effect.'

'So many of our evenings are already occupied that I am afraid the young people will object,' urged Lottie. 'There are the Shakespeare Club, the Literary Circle, and so many other outside engagements besides.'

'It would be a pity to intrude upon either of the organizations mentioned, were not the study of the scripture so much more important; but without crowding out anything really useful, could you not manage to give one evening to the study of the life of him who gave even himself for you? Is there any study more important or more elevating than this? Think the matter over prayerfully and carefully before deciding against it,' urged the anxious pastor as Lottie turned in at her father's gate.

She promised she would, and she did, and the result was that the old pastor's suggestion, with many improvements, was fully carried out.

The circle course selected for the winter embraced Matthew, Acts, Romans, the minor Epistles, Hebrews and Revelation. Each member agreed to read during the week a portion of scripture assigned, bearing upon the lesson of the week, and also some commentary or treatise upon the same. At the regular meeting, besides reading the chapters comprising the lesson and comparing notes, a list of suggestive questions on the succeeding lesson was read, and at least one of these questions was assigned to each member of the circle as a topic to be specially looked into before the next meeting.

The circle began with about twenty members; but before the holidays it had increased to double that number; and notwithstanding the large membership, the interest continued to increase, everyone attending faithfully to the end of the course, and each taking without murmuring the part assigned. Dr. Arnot, though only an honorary member, met with them frequently and often gave them brief talks on the subject under consideration. There was soon a marked improvement in the League, not only in attendance, but in the zeal and enthusiasm of the members, and the next time the pastor spoke to Lottie about his young people, it was to express his gratitude at the way they were now holding up his hands.

'Ah!' he exclaimed, 'there is nothing like the Word of God to teach men and women their duty, nothing like his Spirit shining on the sacred page to kindle the fire of love in hearts out of which Christ has long been crowded.'

This bible reading circle is just starting on a new year now, with studies outlined for the season in the Pentateuch and the prophetic books; and as the scriptural study has proved the spiritual life of the young people, the pastor has organized a similar class for the older members of his flock, and they have already entered enthusiastically upon the study of the creation, to be followed later by the life and sayings of the Saviour.

The Two Faces.

I know a little fellow,
Whose face is fair to see,
But still there's nothing pleasant
About that face to me;
For he's rude and cross and selfish;
If he cannot have his way,
And he's always making trouble,
I've heard his mother say.

I know a little fellow,
Whose face is plain to see,
But that we never think of,
So kind and brave is he.

He carries sunshine with him,
And everybody's glad
To hear the cheery whistle,
Of the pleasant little lad.

You see, it's not the features,
That others judge us by,
But what we do, I tell you,
And that you can't deny,
The plainest face has beauty
If the owner's kind and true,
And that's the kind of beauty,
My girl and boy for you.

—'Sunday Hour.'

Cleverness and Goodness.

'The like of that I never saw,' said Sir James Young Simpson, as he left the deathbed of his friend, Sir David Brewster. 'There is Sir David, resting like a little child, and speaking as if, in a few hours, he will get all his problems solved by God himself.' In the same simple, trustful spirit, Dr. Thomas Guthrie, in his last moments asked that a child's hymn be sung to him. Both knew well that the humble goodness of a loving soul is of infinitely greater moment than intellectual power, not alone to its possessor, but to the world.—'Tools for Teachers.'

Saved While the Clock was Striking.

Mr. Lane says: 'There was a friend of mine speaking at the second meeting of an evangelistic service. He was about to close the meeting, and the clock had just begun to strike ten. As the first stroke tolled out, he said, "The clock is striking the hour, and before it finishes, every one of you here who are unsaved, can be a saved man or a saved woman." Amid dead silence the clock struck the ten strokes, then, with prayer, the meeting was closed. Next night, as my friend was standing at the door, shaking hands with the people a man pushed his way through the crowd, and said, "Sir, I wish to shake hands with you to-night. I did not have the courage to do it last night, but I want to do it now." "Ah, friend, you look happy." "Yes, I am happy." "Are you trusting Christ?" "Yes." "How long since?" "Since last night. I came to Christ between the first stroke and the tenth." And you can do the same. Salvation is an act, a transaction, that can be completed in a moment. It is not, as some would have us believe, a work which requires time, but, when salvation is accepted, then comes the work, drawing us day by day nearer and nearer to Christ.—'Christian Herald.'

Where to Find Heaven.

A minister one day preached on heaven. Next morning he was going down town, and met one of his old wealthy members. The brother stopped the preacher and said:

'Pastor, you preached a good sermon about heaven. You told all about heaven, but you never told where heaven is.'

'Ah!' said the pastor, 'I am glad of an opportunity this morning. I have just come from the hill-top yonder. In that cottage there is a member of your church. She is sick in bed with a fever, her two little children are sick in the other bed; and she has not got a bit of coal, nor a stick of wood, nor flour, nor sugar, nor any bread. If you will go down town and buy five dollars' worth of things—nice provisions—and send them up to her, and then go up there and say, "My sister, I have brought you these nice provisions in the name of our Lord and Saviour," then ask for a bible, and read the twenty-third Psalm, and then get down on your knees and pray—if you don't see heaven before you get through I'll pay the bill.'

The next morning he said:

'Pastor, I saw heaven, and spent fifteen minutes in heaven.'—'The Pacific.'

A Bright Boy.

WHAT HE ACCOMPLISHED BY READING.

I do not think it very serviceable to make a list of books for children to read. No two have exactly the same aptitudes, tastes, or kinds of curiosity about the world. And one story or bit of information may excite the interest of a class in one school, or the children in one family, which will not take at all with others. The only thing is to take hold somewhere, and to begin to use the art of reading to find out about things as you use your eyes and ears. I knew a boy, a scrap of a lad, who almost needed a high chair to bring him up to the general level of the dining table, who liked to read the encyclopedia. He was always hunting round in the big books of the encyclopedia—books about his own size—for what he wanted to know. He dug in it as another boy would dig in the woods for sassafras root. It appeared that he was interested in natural history and natural phenomena. He asked questions of these books exactly as he would ask a living authority, and kept at it till he got answers. He knew how to read. Soon that boy was an authority on earthquakes. He liked to have the conversation at table turn on earthquakes, for then he seemed to be the tallest person at the table. I suppose there was no earthquake anywhere of any importance but that he could tell where it occurred and what damage it did, how many houses it buried, and how many people it killed, and what shape it had left the country it had shaken. From that he went on to try to discover what caused these disturbances, and this led him into other investigations, and at last into the study of electricity, practical as well as theoretical. He examined machines and invented machines, and kept on reading, and presently he was an expert in electricity. He knew how to put in wires, and signals, and bells, and to do a number of practical and useful things, and almost before he was able to enter the high school, he had a great deal of work to do in the city, and three or four men under him. These men under him had not read as much about electricity as he had.—Charles Dudley Warner.

What Are the Children Saying?

I hear the voices of children
Calling from over the seas:
The wail of their pleading accents
Comes borne upon the breeze.

And what are the children saying,
Away in those heathen lands,
As they plaintively lift their voices,
And eagerly stretch their hands?

'Oh, Buddha is cold and distant,
He does not regard our tears;
We pray, but he never answers,
We call, but he never hears.

'Oh, Brahma in all the Shasters
No comforting word has given,
No help in our earthly journey,
No promise nor hope for heaven.

'Oh, vain is the Moslem Prophet,
And bitter his creed of "Fate,"
It lightens no ill to tell us
That Allah is only great.

'We have heard of a God whose mercy
Is tenderer far than these;
We are told of a kinder Saviour
By Sahibs from over the seas.

'They tell us that when you offer
Your worship, He always hears:
Our Brahma is deaf to pleadings,
Our Buddha is blind to tears!

'We grope in the midst of darkness—
With none who can guide aright!
Oh, share with us, Christian children,
A spark of your living light!'

This, this is the plaintive burden
Borne hitherward on the breeze:
These, these are the words they are saying,
Those children beyond the seas!
—M. J. Preston, in 'Children's Work.'

Correspondence

Pender Island, B.C.

Dear Editor,—I have got a dear little baby sister since I wrote last. She was born on Sept. 16, just eight days before my birthday. I enjoyed my holidays very much. Two weeks after they had begun a friend of mine came up here from Victoria, to spend three weeks with me, then when she went home my brother and I went with her, to spend two weeks with my aunt; and we often went to visit her as the house was only next door. We had a very nice time; but we were quite happy to get to school again; or, at least, I was. Mr. J. R. Robertson, our missionary student, left ten days ago, and we were all sorry at his departure. We had a pleasant little social two or three weeks before he left, and I enjoyed myself very much at it; we had readings, recitations, and songs; then tea, and after that games; and when we were leaving we sang 'Auld Lang Syne.' We expect another missionary student very soon now, perhaps to-morrow. With many respects to your little paper, I am, your sincere friend,

NELLIE.

Molesworth.

Dear Editor,—I thought I would take the opportunity to write to the 'Messenger,' this beautiful afternoon, as nobody has written from our village before. I go to the Presbyterian Sabbath-school, and get the 'Messenger.' I like it very much. I expect two of my friends to spend some evening this week with me, while I learn to ride a wheel. My two brothers and I go to the school in the village. We have a nice little walk night and morning. Friday evenings we have from half-past three until four o'clock, for an entertainment.

Next Thursday and Friday we are going to write on an examination; which is very unpleasant. From your twelve-year-old correspondent,

OLEVIA M.

Fort Francis, Ont.

Dear Editor,—My brother takes the 'Messenger,' and we think it is the best paper we ever took. I like to read the correspondence very much. Mamma reads the long stories to us, and we enjoy them. I don't go to school; it is too far away. Mamma teaches me at home, and I am in the third reader. I have a dear little kitten for a pet, and I have three dolls. From your little friend,

NETTIE S.,
Aged 9.

Fort Francis, Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy eleven years old. I live on a farm six miles from town. We have one cow and two steers, and twenty-one hens. My pets are a dog and three hens. My dog will put up partridges and I like to shoot them. I have one sister, she has a nice flower-garden. Our farm is all bush; there is a river four miles from our place, it is called Rainy River. Fort Francis is a very pretty place; but only a small town. I will tell you more next time. Yours truly,

FRANK S.

Chesley.

Dear Editor,—We have taken much pleasure in reading the Correspondence in your paper. We spent a very enjoyable time during the holidays, and as school has now started, we are kept quite busy at our studies.

We have read a number of valuable books, some of which are, 'Life of Queen Victoria,' and 'In His Steps,' which was lent to us by our Sababth-school teacher. Our favorite authoress is Annie Swan. We are building a new Methodist Church, and are now holding our services in the town hall. Chesley has the most beautiful public school in the county of Bruce. There are ten rooms in it, but only seven are occupied at present. There are four lady and three gentleman teachers. We have read the 'Messenger' for several years, and like it very much. We remain yours sincerely,

BELLA L.
MARY H.
CARRIE B.

White Mouth, Man.

Dear Editor,—As I have seen so many letters in the 'Northern Messenger,' I thought I would write one. Mother takes the 'Mesenger,' for the Sunday-school, and I like it very much.

I have a canary bird, but he does not sing. Mother has a lot of flowers, and they are out in bloom. I love flowers very much. I have four sisters and three brothers, and they are all married but one brother. We have service and Sunday-school every Sunday.

I go to the day-school, and I am in the second book. I have quite a few hens, and they are all my own. I like very much to hunt for the eggs.

White Mouth is only a little village, and I like it better than the city. I remain, your ten-year-old reader,

LOTTIE R.

LITTLE FOLKS

A Great Man Bare-Footed.

The story is in connection with the Sunday-school which John Wesley started in Savannah, Georgia.

The rules of that Sunday-school were different from those that prevail nowadays. The children were compelled to attend unless they were ill. A lack of fine clothing was no excuse, and so it happened that many of the boys and girls presented themselves in their classes without shoes or stockings. There are many stories told of the mothers of those days putting the children to bed early on Saturday nights, and then washing their clothes so as to be clean on Sundays. The colonists were, many of them, too poor to buy shoes, or even much clothing of any kind. But the climate of Georgia is mild, and it is no hardship to go scantily clad.

Human nature, however, as it showed itself in John Wesley's time, was the same as it is now. The children who could afford shoes fell into the habit of saying disagreeable things to the bare-footed boys and girls. When Wesley heard of this from the parents of the children whose feet were bare, and whose pride was sensitive, he pondered for a while as to what course would be wisest for him to pursue. First he thought that he ought to insist upon all the children coming to school bare-footed; then he considered lecturing the offenders soundly on this sin and vanity; but he did neither. On the next Sunday, what was the surprise of teachers and scholars to see Preacher Wesley walk into their midst softly, with bare, clean, white feet. One can fancy that those who wore shoes drew their feet back under the benches, and the bare-footed ones, conscious of being in good company, sat very straight, and looked satisfied and happy.

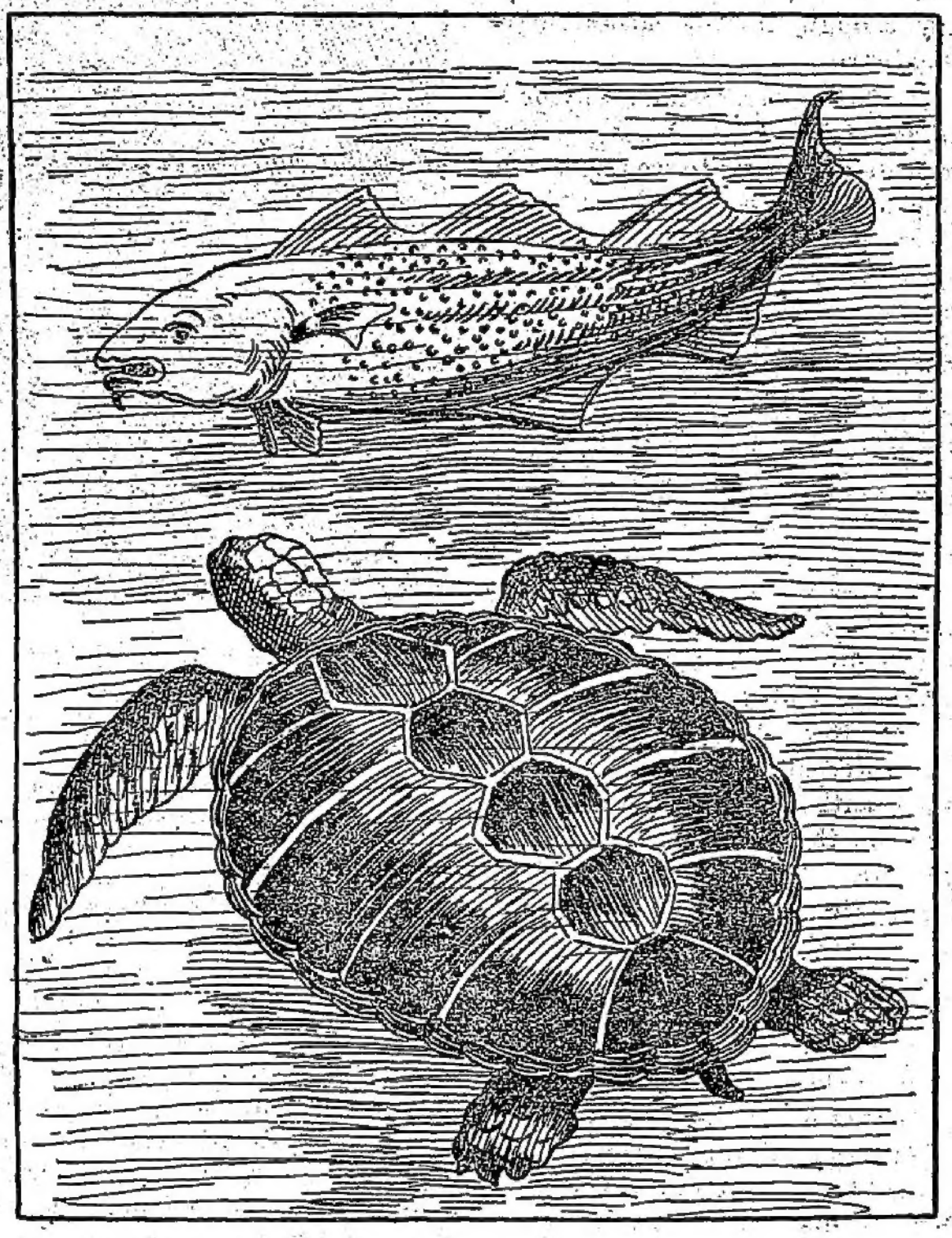
In the course of the session, Mr. Wesley took occasion to speak of the fearfully and wonderfully made human body; and placing his feet on a convenient chair, he gave a list of the bones, tendons, and joints, with much other anatomical knowledge. He told the school that no human being could possibly make a piece of machinery so marvellous as the foot.

He called attention to the clumsiness and ugliness of shoes and stockings as compared with the natural foot, with its white and pink coloring, with the blue veins showing through, and each toe protected by a beautiful transparent shell that we call a nail. Even the tan on the feet of children or grown people, spoke of the goodness and kindness of the Creator. This tan was made by the great sun and the soft, odorous winds.

This little lecture was very interesting, and it had a wonderful effect upon those children who were disposed to be proud of their shoes. Hath not God in His Word said—'Be clothed with humility, for God resisteth the proud,' and giveth grace to the humble?'—'Springing Well.'

The Turtle.

The strange creature in the picture is called a turtle. It grows to a very large size, and lives both on land and in the water. Its shell is very hard and strong, so that hardly anything can hurt the turtle unless it is turned over on its back.



THE TURTLE.

Two Affectionate Chickens.

When my mother was a little girl, she possessed two bantams, a cock and a hen. Now, it is said that fowls are not intelligent, but these two bantams became so very tame that they would follow mother wherever she went, and fly up to the sitting-room window when they heard her talking there.

At last, they became so very affectionate that at night they would not go to roost in their own coop, but after dark set in, would stand at the house door until someone opened it. Then they would rush along the passage and peck at the sitting-room door, where they knew mother would be, and she hearing them would open it. They would then fly to the top ledge of mother's chair (although half dazed with standing so long in the dark, and then suddenly coming into the gas-lit room), and compose themselves as if for the night.

Grandmamma, however, objected to her sitting-room being made a

henhouse of. But when one rose to drive them away, they would fly up to one particular picture in the room, from which roosting-place it was almost impossible to remove them.

At last they were voted a nuisance, and mother had to give them away to a friend. But he did not keep them very long, for they fretted and pined away. After their death he had them stuffed, and they now ornament his hall.—Ralph Williamson, in 'Child's Own Magazine.'

Beg, Sir, Beg!

('Friendly Greetings.')

'Toby! beg, sir, beg! No, sir; you are not to eat the bread on your nose till I tell you.'

And there he stands, the pretty fellow, his eyes winking and blinking with the weariness of his posture; but he won't drop his paws, nor will he touch the bread, though it smells very good, and he is hungry enough, till his master gives him leave.

He doesn't understand why he is to do it—how it can be any amusement to his master to see him trembling on two legs when he ought to be on four, or to watch him smelling the bread that he must not eat—but he concerns himself only with doing what he is told.

'I don't see why I should do this!' says one (may be a servant, or a laborer). What if you don't?—is that any reason why you shouldn't do it if it comes in your work?

'I don't see why I should go to school, or go to work, or go to bed, when I don't like it!' says the unruly child; but is that any reason why the child shouldn't do it?

'Children, obey your parents in the Lord,' says the bible; and the same authority says, 'Train up a child in the way he should go,' to parents. It would be a great blessing to the rising generation if parents would see the importance of their duty in this respect; we might hope for more 'best' men and women in every rank and capacity, as well as 'best soldiers,' than it is to be feared we are likely to see.

An old Scotch woman had brought up her grand-children to look on disobedience as an offence of the highest kind against God, and one she could not overlook.

Going out one day she left her little grandson Donald at home, and gave him strict orders not to open the door to anybody till she returned. She was kept away long beyond his usual dinner-hour, and he grew very hungry; she had left him nothing to eat, expecting to be home in time. He looked about, but saw nothing but an oatcake which she had made the day before, and had told him not to touch. Presently

HE CONCERNS HIMSELF ONLY WITH DOING WHAT HE IS TOLD.

came a woman and asked through the window to be let in.

'I canna do that,' said Donald, 'my grandmother told me to open to nobody but her.'

The woman asked why, assured him she was a friend of his grandmother's; in fact, told many false tales, till he began to think he ought to open the door. But as his hand was on the bolt he suddenly recollected himself and drew it back, and said through the window, 'Ye must wait till grandmother comes; I canna tell why, but she said, "Don't open the door," and I canna do it.'

Still it grew late and dark, and the oatcake looked very tempting. He smelt it—a bit off the end would never be missed. Why did his grandmother bid him not to touch it? He didn't know; but she had said it, and he must obey.

'Donald,' said the old woman when she came in 'has old Meg been here—Meg Cameron?'

'I think it was her as wanted to come in, but I said no, grandmother.'

'Gude bairn! she came to rob, for she knew I was away; I spied her on the road, but I trusted you'd be obedient.'

While Donald was eating his porridge with hearty appetite, she said, 'I'll just put this oatcake in the line o' the rats; Donald, it's a supper for them; there's poison enow in it for a score of 'em.'

She had once or twice during her unwilling stay away been troubled lest the child should eat the cake in his hunger, for she remembered she had not told him it was poisoned; but she comforted herself with the knowledge that he would surely obey her at all costs.

'Eh, Donald, my bairn,' she cried, 'ye see what a good thing it is to obey; if ye had not minded my word this day ye'd have robbed me of my substance, and yourself o' the breath of your nostrils.'

Scientific Temperance Teaching.

(By Mrs. Howard Ingham, Secretary Non-Partisan W. C. T. U., Cleveland, Ohio.)

LESSON XXXV.—REVIEW.

1. What is alcohol?

Alcohol is a deadly poison.

2. Can it ever be safe to drink it?

No, never. It is just as sure to do us harm as water is to make us wet or fire to burn us.

3. Can we not take a little without harm?

No; a little does harm. But it is almost impossible to stop with a little.

4. Why so?

Because alcohol never satisfies as milk and water do. It is the nature of a little alcohol to produce an appetite for more.

5. What part of the body does it harm most?

It harms every part of the body, but most of all the brain, and through the brain the mind.

6. How does it harm the brain?

It hardens and cooks the delicate substance of the brain. It weakens its blood-vessels so that they are likely to burst if crowded, and it crowds the blood-vessels with bad blood.

7. Why is the blood bad?

Because the alcohol sucks out a great deal of the water of the blood, and it kills the little air-cells which keep the blood pure.

8. What does alcohol do to the heart?

It weakens its walls, just as it does the walls of the blood-vessels. And it hurries its action and so wears it out faster than it ought to wear.

9. What does alcohol do to the stomach?

It destroys the juices necessary for the digestion of the food. And it burns its delicate surfaces, and in time covers them with sores.

10. How does alcohol affect the nerves?

It sucks out their moisture and leaves them dry, so that they cannot carry the messages between the brain and the other parts of the body.

11. What makes the drunken man stagger and fall?

Because his brain is so hurt by the alcohol that it cannot control the body, and the nerves are so asleep that they cannot obey the brain's commands.

12. What makes the drinker's face and nose so red?

The alcohol has put to sleep the nerves that control the amount of blood pumped into the small blood-vessels and they are crowded full of bad blood, and so show very plainly.

13. What makes so many beer-drinkers so large and heavy?

The alcohol has prevented the sending out of the body of the particles of matter that are continually dying, so the body is full of dead matter.

14. Is this stoutness and ruddy color then a sign of health?

No, indeed; a sign of disease. The blood-vessels are sick, the nerves are sick, the brain is sick, and the whole body is full of death.

15. What is the only safe course in regard to alcohol?

To let it altogether and always alone, never taking even the first drink of anything that contains it.

Hints to Teachers.

Two or three lessons will be given to a review of the more striking facts concerning alcohol and tobacco. Each teacher will find herself borne along on a current of interesting thought, and will take pleasure in questioning the children closely concerning what they have learned. These review lessons may be brightened by charts, pictures, etc., and varied by recitations and songs. The children's own minds will be full of self-gathered evidence of the truths they have learned.

A Great Temperance Triumph

The temperance people of Canada have won a great moral victory. They have demonstrated the fact that outside the Province of Quebec, where the French Catholic element is so strong, a vast majority of the people believe in the absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic. No matter what construction the politicians and the liquor sympathizers may place upon the fact that the vote was comparatively light, and that it had no mandatory power upon the Dominion Parliament, the truth remains that the majority of those who voted condemned the sale of intoxicating drinks, and are ready to oust the whole business from the country. It is also fair to presume that the vote is representative, and that if all the non-voters were compelled to express themselves they would swell, rather than reduce, the majorities for prohibition. The contest was a fierce one. The liquor fraternity was aroused. In cities especially, where the traffic holds the sympathies of the hoodlum elements, the vote was large. Therefore the apathetic element was probably among the moral classes, who, in a crisis, would vote for sobriety and the suppression of all crime-breeding haunts, but who are not sufficiently aroused in this instance to go to the polls and vote. Quite likely many voters in rural places knew little or nothing of the tremendous issues involved. This was the first national battle of the kind, and it is not to be supposed that the prohibitionists were able to reach their last friend and secure his vote. Against them was pitted the unlimited capital and influence of the national liquor traffic, the strong sentiment of the politicians and the practical opposition of the great body of Romanists. To carry the province of Ontario by 35,000 majority, Nova Scotia by 20,000, New Brunswick by 14,000 and Manitoba, Prince Edward Island, British Columbia, and the North-West Territories by smaller but clear majorities, was an achievement which may well give heart to the temperance forces and nerve them to demand their rights in coming legislation.—Michigan 'Advocate.'

Note.—The latest returns give the majorities as follows:

	Majorities for.	Majorities against.
Quebec		93 511
Ontario	38 344	
Nova Scotia	28 736	
New Brunswick	15 948	
Prince Edw'd Isl'nd	6 200	
Manitoba	9 000	
North-West Territories	2 500	
British Columbia	1 500	
Total	102 228	93 511
Net prohibitory majority		8 717

Habit.

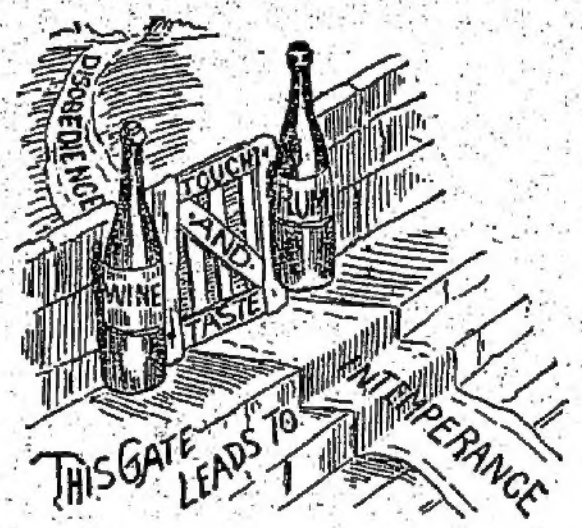
It is more than likely that some of my little readers have written in their copy-books the words, 'Habit is second nature,' and that in doing so they have wondered what the word habit means, and yet if they had thought they would have found that the sentence really explains itself. When we say that a certain action is performed naturally, we mean that we do it without thought or trouble; thus we learn to eat and to drink without any effort; because these actions are part of ourselves, and without them we could not exist. Now, there are actions which men perform which are not natural, and yet when these actions are performed over and over again, they become as it were part of the life of those who perform them, and they become miserable if anything interferes with such actions. Thus smoking is a habit which is sometimes difficult to learn, but once the smoker has become accustomed to his pipe, how miserable he is if he cannot get any tobacco!

The word habit comes from a Latin word habeo, meaning to have; so that a habit is something we have that is part of ourselves, something we cannot get rid of even if we would.

Now, it is quite right to cultivate good habits, it is quite right to begin while we are young to cultivate habits which will give us a pure mind and a strong body. This is the reason our parents will not allow us to read bad books, or to mix with bad company; for this reason our parents encourage us to rise early, to bathe in cold water, and to have plenty of healthy exercise. They know that once these habits become part of our daily life, then it is very likely we shall cheerfully carry them out when we grow older, and are not under the control of our parents.

We must find out whether the habits we are forming are for our good or for our harm. We can very easily find this out; there need not be any trouble about it. Can we kneel down and ask God's blessing on such habits?

If you are learning to use bad language, or if you are getting into the habit of telling lies, you know at once that these are bad habits, because you would not dare to ask God's blessing on them.



We must not shut our ears to what kind friends say to us. When we hear mother say, 'Now, John, that is a bad habit, and some day you will be sorry if you do it', we must not turn away and say, 'Well, I can leave it off when I like, it will make no difference to me.'

It will make all the difference, for in a few years the habit will become truly your second nature. You will find it very hard to break away from it.

There is a story told of a boy who had taken up his father's diamond ring, and was writing on the window-pane with it.

'Don't write there, my son,' said the father.

'Why not, Father?' was the boy's question.

'Because you cannot rub it out.'

Of course you need hardly be reminded, that one habit against which you are often warned is the habit of drinking intoxicating drinks.

I remember once saying to a big man, 'Why don't you give up drinking? You know what harm it is doing you, and how your wife and children are suffering.'

He looked at me very sorrowfully, then the tears came into his eyes as he replied:

'Ah, you don't understand! Drink has got such a hold on me that I can't give it up.'

There are many people who want to give up their drinking habits, but find it very hard to do so. How much happier their lives would have been, then, if they had never learned to drink!—'Adviser.'

Bishop Tugwell's inquiry as to the spread of the drink traffic in West Africa was addressed to twelve African and two European missionaries, and the result shows, as might be expected, that the interior and less accessible parts of Africa are far freer from the drink traffic than the coast. Many of the coast missionaries bear out the statement that at the times of fetish festivals the whole of a town may be found drunk at once. A characteristic glimpse of African trade is given by the Rev. J. B. Wood in his account of his journey from Abeokuta to Lagos. Two-thirds of the caravans travelling towards the town, and every canoe on the river, were loaded with rum and gin. 'Not from the time,' says he, 'that we left the Abeokuta town gate till Lagos was reached did I see one piece of cloth on its way up country.' 'And yet,' says the 'Daily Chronicle,' 'we are always being asked to open up Africa to European trade! We strongly suspect that the only people who profit by all this opening-up are the gin-distillers.'—But no: The rascally merchants who use this as currency also make great gain by it.—'Alliance News.'

LESSON VI.—NOVEMBER 6.

Hezekiah's Great Passover.

II. Chron. xxx., 1-13.— Memory verses 10-13. Compare II. Chron. xxxv., 1-9.

Golden Text.

'Yield yourselves unto the Lord, and enter into his sanctury.—II. Chron. xxx., 8.

Home Readings.

M. II. Chron. xxix., 1-19.—'Hezekiah did that which was right.'
T. II. Chron. xxix., 20-36.—Hezekiah offering solemn sacrifices.
W. II. Chron. xxx., 1-27.—Hezekiah's great passover.
T. II. Chron. xxxv., 1-19.—Josiah's solemn passover.
F. Num. ix., 1-14.—The command to keep the passover.
S. Luke xxii., 7-20.—Jesus keeping the passover.
S. Isa. lv., 1-13.—'Our Lord . . . will abundantly pardon.'

Lesson Story.

Hezekiah, the son of Ahaz, the good son of a bad father, began to reign over Judah when he was twenty-five years old. He was one of the noblest and most perfect kings that ever reigned, Isaiah was his chief counsellor and adviser. Immediately upon coming to the throne he set to work to have the temple repaired, and the whole service put in thorough working order again, as it had quite fallen out of use during the idolatrous reign of Ahaz.

When Hezekiah had restored the temple and its service, he rejoiced, and the people rejoiced with him. And then he wrote letters to all Israel and Judah, and to the strong tribes of Ephraim and Manasseh to invite them to Jerusalem, to keep the 'passover unto the Lord God of Israel.' The passover was ordained to be held in the first month, but it had taken several weeks to get the temple service in perfect order and to send out the letters of invitation, so it could not be held until the second month. In the meantime the posts were hastening through the country with the letters of King Hezekiah to the twelve tribes of Israel. 'Ye children of Israel, turn again unto the Lord God of Abraham, Isaac, and Israel, and he will return to the remnant of you, that are escaped out of the hand of the kings of Assyria. And be not ye like to your fathers, and like your brethren, which trespassed against the Lord God of their fathers, who therefore gave them up to desolation as ye see.

'Now, be ye not stiffnecked as your fathers were, but yield yourselves unto the Lord, and enter into his sanctuary which he hath sanctified for ever: and serve the Lord your God, that the fierceness of his wrath may turn away from you. For if ye turn again unto the Lord, your brethren and your children shall find compassion before them that lead them captive, so that they shall come again into this land: for the Lord your God is gracious and merciful, and will not turn away his face from you, if ye return unto him.'

Many of those who received this loving message mocked at it, and treated the messengers with scorn. Nevertheless, quite a number from Asher, Manasseh and Zebulon came to Jerusalem to humbly confess their past neglect and renew their covenant with Jehovah. Also the people of Judah all came up to Jerusalem, and they kept the feast for fourteen days, with great joy and gladness of praise.

Lesson Hints.

We have now come to the thirteenth king of Judah, the one who was most like his ancestor David. His father Ahaz was called the worst of all his line, but Hezekiah is called next to the best. This good king took as his friend and counsellor the prophet Isaiah, thus adding a source of strength to his already strong and upright character. Praying friends are strong friends.

'Israel and Judah'—including in his invitation the original twelve tribes. This revival took place in Judah just before the final captivity of Israel. Israel was doing secretly those things which were not right against the Lord their God.' (II. Kings xvii., 9.) Well would it have been for them had they joined Judah in this renewal of the covenant with Jehovah.

'At Jerusalem'—the place chosen by the Lord (Deut xii., 13, 14: I. Kings xi., 13.)

'The passover'—(Ex. xii., 1-14.)

'Second month'—the months dated from the original passover, and the feast was always to be held in the middle of the first month of the year. But the temple had only been opened in the first month, (II. Chron. xxix., 3) and the priests were not ready yet to perform the services, (Num. ix., 10, 11.)

'Beersheba to Dan'—the most southern town of Judah to the most northerly town of Israel.

'A long time'—there had been no such reunion of the tribes since the days of Solomon, about two hundred and fifty years before.

'The posts'—the postmen or messengers, those who carried letters quickly.

'Laughed them to scorn, and mocked them'—it was almost their last message from God offering a free pardon to all who would return to him. But they mocked at it. They laughed at the very idea that God would destroy them in punishment for their wickedness, yet they clung to their sin so that they had to be in a way destroyed with it. (II. Chron. xxxvi., 15-17.)

Questions.

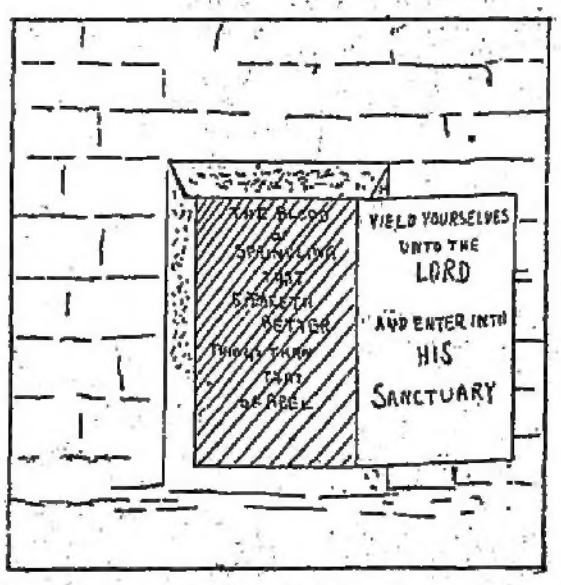
1. Whom did King Hezekiah take as his friend and counsellor ?
2. What was Hezekiah's character?
3. What did he do in the first year of his reign?
4. To whom did Hezekiah send invitations to the passover?
5. How did the people treat the messengers and their invitation?
6. How do you treat God's invitation and messengers?

Suggested Hymns.

'Come ye that love the Lord,' 'Who is on the Lord's side?' 'Call them in,' 'When the roll is called up yonder,' 'Come to the Saviour,' 'Revive us again,' 'Jesus is tenderly calling thee home,' 'Why not now?'

Lesson Illustrated.

The blood-sprinkled door-way tells again the passover story, as we enter the sanctu-



ary with Hezekiah, and hear his call to the feast going out over all Judah and Israel. The verses of the shadowed doorway remind us of that blood sprinkled for us, under whose shelter alone we are safe.

Practical Points.

A. H. CAMERON.

The kingdom of Israel always prospered when the king did right in the sight of the Lord. As it was in the days of King Hezekiah, so it is in the days of Queen Victoria. Verses 1, 2,

There is great reward in keeping God's commands, whether it be to fast or feast, to pray or preach, to run on his errands or rest in his love. Verses 3-5.

Solemn warning and earnest entreaty often fail to make the sinner turn from his evil ways. Verses 6-10.

Yet there are always some whose hearts are melted by the old,old story , and who are not too proud to yield their will to the rule of Jehovah. Verses 11, 12.

The Lord will never be without witnesses in the house of prayer, and blessed are they who forsake not the assembling of themselves together. Verse 13; Psa. lxxxiv., 10.

Tiverton, Ont.

Christian Endeavor Topics.

Nov. 6.—'The good fight.'—I. Tim. vi., 11-16: II. Tim. iv., 7, 8.

Infinite Might.

'The world does not yet know what God can do through a fully consecrated man,' America's greatest evangelist heard a passer-by on the street remark to another. And that remark influenced, and in a way, transformed his whole life. The world does not yet know what God can do through a fully consecrated organization. O Endeavorers, hear that, and realize its vast import! It is for you to show what God can do through a movement dedicated unselfishly to him. We have the infinite might of the infinite God to use, We have Omnipotence to draw upon. Ask and ye shall receive.

'Men lived for generations on the lid of the world's great diamond vault in South Africa, and never knew of the priceless gems beneath their feet. The gold fields of the Rand have been ready for centuries to yield up the key of their untold treasure to the intelligent discoverer. Electricity has been a mighty but dormant power in this world since Adam first walked in Paradise, but, until Franklin flew his kite, no man realized that there was a subtle, unseen power, sufficient to turn every wheel, and drive every car, and light every city in the wide world. But so it was. O Christian Endeavorers, there is a mine of undiscovered wealth on whose edge you are treading! There is a might inconceivable which you may have for the asking. It is the treasure of the Spirit's abiding presence; it is the might of God's power, which he offers to the humble and contrite heart. Will you take it? Will you use it for the coming of the Kingdom?—Dr. F. E. Clark.

Escorting as Well as Inviting.

Half-doing is *no* better in the Sunday-school than anywhere else. Inviting is often only half doing, if not followed by escorting. A young men's bible-class in New York is not the only one which has learned this. Its records show that the number of new members who have come to the class by themselves, simply on invitation, is a small percentage of the whole number invited. On the contrary, nearly all new members have been escorted, usually by the same persons who invited them. 'I will call for you on Sunday at such an hour,' carries with it a definite, urgent, and personal invitation not easily resisted. But even when there is no resistance, when there is a willingness to accept the invitation, much is gained by courtesy and fellowship if the inviter goes after the invited, and brings him in as a companion, and not merely as a stranger. This is true for all classes. When the primary teacher gets on the track of possible new members, and gives the cordial invitation, she must often wisely arrange so that she or her assistants, or some of the young people, shall call for the new children, and for their mothers, perhaps, to escort them to school. The reality and the earnestness of the invitation are made plain in this way, and the relations of teacher, scholar, and parents are made closer from the first. Without this escorting, many will not come at all. 'Sunday-School Times.'

For Jesus's Sake.

Dr. Paton tells of one of his teachers who suffered persecution and death for Christ's sake. He was placed at the nearest village, and there led a pure and humble Christian life. One morning as he knelt in prayer, a savage priest—who had attacked and nearly killed him a short time before—sprang upon him with a great club, and left him in a dying condition. His pain and suffering were great, but he bore all quietly as he kept saying, 'For the sake of Jesus ! For Jesus's sake ! ' and praying Jesus to forgive his persecutors, he passed away.

HOUSEHOLD.

A Word to the Girls.

Girls in the country sometimes grow tired of the quiet routine of farm work, and long for the excitements and attractions of city life. But life in the city is not the public holiday it seems to the girls on their occasional visits to town. Believe me when I tell you that working girls in the city have an infinitely more monotonous existence than the country girls ever dreamed of. You get up early and work hard, it is true, but the picnics you attend in summer and the rides and parties that enliven your winter give you social recreation and change, while there is always the keenest enjoyment for those who know how to read mother nature's book.

Think of spending every working day in a dingy office, writing and figuring constantly, with but half-a-day's vacation in three years, as one girl I know of has done! Think of spending all the hot, dusty summer days at a sewing-machine in a factory with the ceaseless clatter of hundreds of other machines all about you! Think of walking two miles to work, standing behind a counter all day, forced to smile and smile, though you feel like a villain ought to feel, and walking home again at night. All these things thousands of girls in this city do.

One girl I know stands and irons ready-made blouses all day, week in and week out. Where is the variety in her life? How would you like to exchange your duties with them? Do you not think it would be a welcome relief to them to milk in the cool of the morning, churn, bake and sweep before the hottest part of the day, peel potatoes for dinner out under the shade of a tree, and, after the dinner work is over, to sit out in the cool and shady yard, or rest in the hammock, or take a canter on the pony, and at night to lie down and breathe in the sweet-scented air of the country, instead of sewer smells and effluvia of dirty alleys?

How would you like to pay out of your scant earnings for every specked apple or withered peach you ate? Why, if you lived in the city, you would pay for fruit that you will not pick up from the ground now. How would you like the ever present possibility of losing your 'job' and having your income cut off for a time, with no money to pay the expenses that always accumulate so fast? Think of all these things before you give up the quiet and peaceful life of the country, with the certainty of a comfortable home, even if you do not have ice cream and fried chicken every day. To make the best of what you have is better than to rush into evils that you know not of.—'American Paper.'

Don't Fold the Arms.

Don't fold the arms. By doing so you pull the shoulders forward, flatten the chest and impair deep breathing. Folding the arms across the chest so flattens it down that it requires a conscious effort to keep the chest in what should be its natural position. As soon as you forget yourself down drops the chest. We cannot see ourselves as others see us. If we could, many of us would be ashamed of our shapes. The position you hold yourself in most soon becomes the natural position. Continuous folding of your arms across the chest will develop a flat chest and a rounded back just as certainly as will clasping the hands behind the head, or folding the arms behind the back and doing much posterior chest weight work, develop a flat back and a deep, full, rounded chest. You can't think of all these things? Do you think of folding your arms across your chest? No, it is a habit. Make these things habits, and you won't need to think of them; you will do them unconsciously.

Here are four other hints which should be habits: Keep the back of the neck close to the back of the collar at all possible times. Always carry the chest farther to the front than any other part of the anterior body. Draw the abdomen in and up a hundred times a day. Take a dozen, deep, slow breaths a dozen times each day. To do these exercises properly dress loosely. You cannot do them properly otherwise. Never wear shoulder-braces to keep your shoulders back. They weaken nature's shoulder-braces. Develop nature's braces and you will breathe more deeply, and have a better form physically.—Robert J. Roberts, in 'Men.'

Home Finance.

We must run our affairs with each other on a strict business basis. If one child borrows a penny of its brother or sister, see that it is punctually paid back again. If you older ones borrow even a few cents of your children in an emergency, see that you do not have to be reminded of it before you pay it back. It is a just debt—a debt that should be paid as surely as your grocery bill, or your washerwoman's earnings. If finances were more strictly taught in the home there would be much safer business principles established. A guest in a home borrowed two cents from a little child's bank to make up some needed change. She went away and never paid it back. Forgot it. She had money enough to pay it a hundred times over. It was carelessness, thoughtlessness on her part, but the child did not forget it, and the impression made on that young mind in regard to that guest's financial honor will not be easily forgotten. The child reasoned that it would not be polite for him to ask the lady for it, or even to remind her in any way of it, and so she went away unmindful of the debt she had incurred from that little boy. Hawthorne says in connection with the questions of disputed boundaries, that 'The right of purchase is the only safe one. This is a world of bargain and sale; and no absurdity is more certain to be exposed than the attempt to make it anything else. This is true certainly as regards finances of any amount.—Susan Teall Perry, in 'Christian Work.'

Selected Recipes.

Strawberry Shortcake.—There is such a difference in strawberry shortcakes. Some are made of the same materials as biscuits—the poorest, according to our judgment; others have a regular cake as the foundation—those are very good; but, in this 'fast age,' when we wish to have the best with the least time and trouble, we can make the nonpareil strawberry shortcake in this way; From the baker get a sheet of best sponge-cake, not frosted. Buy two quarts of strawberries; hull and wash them, for the best have some sand in them, and cold water doesn't hurt them. Drain in a colander, and put in a glass or china, ('not tin) dish for an hour, with a cup of sugar sprinkled over them. Then split the sponge cake, lay the upper part, crust down, on a platter, over this lay one-half the berries evenly, lay the other half of the cake on, crust down, and evenly lay over the rest of the berries. Drip the rich juice remaining evenly over all with a spoon. This should all be done an hour before wanted, now beat one pint of rich cream to a froth, and spread over all, or if cream is as plenty as at the farm, the clear, thick, unwhipped cream may be poured liberally over all. This is a dessert that is not troublesome to make, requires no fire or heat to prepare it, and is sufficient in quantity for half a dozen persons.

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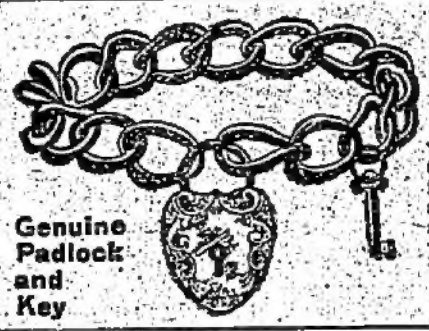
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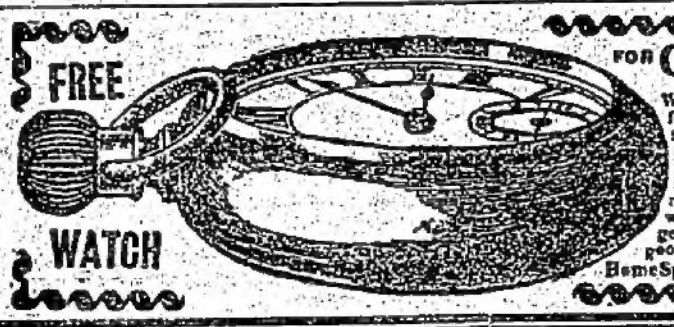
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Publishers, Montreal.

THE 'NORTHERN MESSENGER' is printed and published every week at the 'Witness' Building, at the corner of Craig and St. Peter streets in the city of Montreal, by John Redpath Dougall, of Montreal.

All business communications should be addressed 'John Dougall & Son,' and all letters to the editor should be addressed Editor of the 'Northern Messenger.'